Baſt. No my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of *Kent*, remember him heereafter as my honourable friend.

Baſt. My ſeruices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.

Baſt. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Glo. He hath beene out nine yeares, and away he ſhall again, the King is comming.

Sound a Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall, next Gonorill, Regan, Cordelia, with followers.

Lear. Attend my Lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Gloſter*.

Gloſt. I ſhall my Liege.

Lear. Meane time we will expreſſe our darker purpoſes,
The Map there; know we haue diuided
In three our Kingdome; and tis our firſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſſe of our ſtate,
Confirming them on younger yeares,
The two great Princes, *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great Riuals in our youngeſt daughters loue,
Long in our Court haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And here are to be anſwer'd; tell me my daughters,
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we our largeſt bounty may extend,
Where merit doth moſt challenge it:
Gonorill our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt.

Gon. Sir, I do loue you more then words can wield the matter,
Dearer then eye-ſight, ſpace, or liberty,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No leſſe then life; with grace, health, beauty, honour,
As much a childe ere loued, or father friend,
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* do, loue and be ſilent.

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, euen from this line to this,
With ſhady Forreſts, and wide skirted Meads,
We make thee Lady, to thine and *Albanies* iſſue,

Be this perpetuall. Wha
Our deereſt *Regan*, wife
Reg. Sir I am made o
And prize me at her wo
I finde ſhe names my v
That I profeſſe my ſelfe
Which the moſt precio
And finde I am alone fe
Cor. Then poore *Cor*
My loue's more richer
Lear. To thee and th
Remaine this ample th
No leſſe in ſpace, valid
Then that confirm'd o
Although the laſt, not
What can you ſay to w
Then your ſiſters.
Cor. Nothing my L
Lear. How, nothing
Cor. Vnhappy th
mouth, I loue your M
nor leſſe.
Lear. Go too, go too
Leaſt it may marre yo
Cord. Good my Lo
You haue begot me,
I returne thoſe duties
Obey you, loue you, a
Why haue my ſiſters h
Haply when I ſhall w
Muſt take my plight,
Halfe my care and dut
Marry like my ſiſters,
Lear. But goes this
Cor. I good my Lor
Lear. So young and
Cor. So young my

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